

The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1922



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO hundred dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

* * * *

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

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The Frances Shimer Record

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EDITORIALS



The College Bookcase

As the college student uses the library as her bookcase, so the college itself may use the students to fulfill the same purpose.

In the girls is reflected the ideals of the school's life. Some reflect it cheerfully, some grudgingly. But each of them constitutes one book in which the college imprints its "aspirations, hopes, and high ideals." Just as one never finds a volume in the library which is entirely without interest or charm, so the college never finds a book in its bookcase which is not attractive in some way.

But the college bookcase has a more important task to perform. Each book is open for observation at all times, and each book is constantly changing. It must be that book's desire to improve in such a way that the college will be proud to give it a place in the bookcase and to exhibit it to visitors as a symbol of what the life of that school stands for.

We Need You

Just a suggestion to everybody—The Record is always glad to receive contributions, both literary and joke. Don't get the erroneous idea that all the humorists and artists in the School are on The Record staff. The Record is anxious to get the very best material from F. S. S. students; so we have provided for those whose modesty restrains them from coming directly to the editor.

The Joke box is very conspicuous, and everyone is given a cordial invitation to drop something in the slot. If we can't use it, no one will ever know, and if we can, another budding artist has been "discovered." Names aren't necessary, but you won't be brought up before the Student Government for affixing your signature.

Are You Guilty?

Did you ever try changing places with "the other girl," while you criticized her? If you did, you will find that it makes quite a difference whether it's you, or someone else. For example, have you ever noticed that when our friend acts in a certain way, she is obstinate, and when we do the same thing, we are only firm in our convictions? When the other girl tries to be especially nice to someone, it's "crushing" and

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when we do the same it's tact. When the other girl doesn't like our friends, she is prejudiced; when we don't like hers, we are good judges of human nature. When the other girl spends money, she is extravagant, and when we do, we are discriminating. When the other girl says what she thinks, she is "catty," and when we do, we are frank.

Some times the most worthy people are the soonest assailed and too often we judge another by the apparent success or failure of her efforts. After all, there is so much "good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us." Someone has said, "Throw a man down if necessary, but don't hurt his feelings." We go such a little way here together, that it seems unfair always to criticize, and repeat the unkind things about each other. If we must talk about the other members of the F. S. S. family, let's say something good, and if our dear sisters are completely lacking in commendable characteristics let's make up some about them. It may do 'em good and they won't care a bit!

What is Success?

A magazine awarded the highest prize in a contest for the best answer to the question, "What is success?"

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration and whose memory was a benediction."

Our Spirit

We have a great many catch phrases in organizations, as in everything else. We talk much of the spirit of a Y. W. group, the spirit of Athletic Club, and the spirit of literary and dramatic circles. What do we mean by the spirit of the leaders, the spirit of the members? I believe that this "spirit" finds expression in one who in her chapter relationship makes the others glad to have been associated with her in the bond of an organization. To those on the outside she alone makes her organization a thing to be desired. A good member of any club brings a spirit of helpfulness to her group, or any group. She is one of the busy girls who is never too busy to help when asked. She makes any work move forward instead of backward, for she gives it intelligent attention. She "lends a hand." Through her own personality she helps spell the spirit of her club.

Student Government

In the days of primitive people, the only recognized law or obligation was self preservation through physical force. The war clubs and stone hatchet provided means of defense against the other fellow. Each man

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was a law unto himself, and possessed no privileges except what could be secured through the use of these arms.

As civilization advanced, the rights of the individual became secondary to the general welfare of the community. Thus, certain rules and restrictions on personal conduct became necessary, and were formulated into laws for the benefit of all the people. Thus in our Student Government the laws which govern us, are the result of experience not made for the benefit of the few but for the benefit of the whole. From the dim past of our caveman ancestors we have struggled under laws and obligations, promoting the greatest good to the greatest number. As our numbers increase so does the responsibility to each other and to our Alma Mater.

Today, those of us who live in cities know of the wave of crime which has swept the country, this disrespect for law, and open disregard of restriction. The spirit of lawlessness, disregard for the rights of others is a reversion to the baser aspect of the Cliff Dwellers. Let us refuse to let it into Frances Shimer. We have no room for Pharisees or Bolshevists. The basis of all organizations and groups must be certain obligations to others, for the family could not exist otherwise.

Neglect, disobedience and disregard of these rules by which we are guided present a danger. True freedom comes through self respecting obedience to discipline.

Are You Nicest to the Ones You Love the Best?

Did you ever stop to think how many homes would be happy if the people in them would be as nice to each other as they are to their friends outside? Even during vacation weren't you sometimes "just adorable," at the bridge party, and just the opposite when you returned home? Didn't you spend the evenings cozily with that keen university fellow and then look daggers at the whole family afterward, because brother or father didn't do just what you expected them to? Did you make a big success at school and a poor success at home? What's the trouble? Are you nicest to the ones you love best?

News from Other Schools

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:

Ferry Tales, Lake Forest, Illinois.

Emerson College News, Boston, Mass.

The Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

The Triangle, Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

The Sinsinawa, Saint Clara Academy, Sinsinawa, Wis.

The Tradesman, High School of Commerce, Boston, Mass.

Western College News, Western College, Oxford, Ohio.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany, Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.

Northrop Bulletin, Northrop School, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Oneida Mountaineer, Oneida, Kentucky.

Wabash Monthly, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.



A Last Trick

Roger and Gerald Bernard were twins, red-headed and broad-shouldered. Physically they were exact duplicates but temperamentally exact opposites; for Roger was a book-worm and Gerald a practical joker. They were both Seniors at the University of—. The president of the college was very fond of Roger but loathed Gerald. For Gerald, in one of his practical jokes, had shaved the president's pet cat, and only by his brother's efforts was he saved from expulsion.

Gerald was engaged to the "dearest little girl in the world." Had he been wise he would have sworn off practical joking, at least till Jeannette and he were safely married. But Gerald wasn't wise—red-headed people never are!

As his wedding day speedily bore down upon him, Gerald could not resist the temptation of taking one last fling at practical joking before he closed his single life. He was risking a lot, for the president would be very apt to expel him if he found him out, and as for Jeannette she had said that if Gerald were expelled from school she would feel justified in breaking their engagement. But a born gambler, Gerald reveled in playing the game with all the odds against him. And so, one morning, from the top of the flag pole, the president's white flannel pants flapped gayly in the breeze.

The furious president swore he would find the culprit. Time went on and Gerald remained unconvicted. However, on the afternoon of the day before the wedding, Gerald burst into Roger's study where that worthy grind was hard at work with his beloved Latin. Before Roger could say anything Gerald burst out:

"You've gotta be bridegroom for me tomorrow!"

"Wh-wh-what!" stuttered Roger.

"Calm yourself and let me explain," said Gerald in soothing tones.

"Someone tattled and now the president knows that mine is the master hand that lifted his pants. He demands that either you or I go to his office tomorrow at 10 o'clock—just when I'm to marry Jeannette. You swore

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you would not get me out of any more scrapes—No, I won't ask you to break your word. Tomorrow I'll go to the president, pretending I'm you—he'll never know the difference. While I'm you, I'll plead for my misled brother which is me, of course. Meanwhile you will marry Jeannette pretending you're me. I, pretending I'm you still, will come to the station after pacifying the president and draw you aside to talk business. We'll go out of sight and then you can beat it. I'll go back to her and we'll go on our honeymoon. No one will ever know the difference. Roger, old dear, it can't go wrong."

The doubting Roger was soon won over to the view of his twin and together they plotted for the next day. Gerald acquainted Roger with all the endearments with which to pet Jeannette. Roger, in turn, explained all the president's peculiarities. But, sad to say, he forgot one!

The twins set out together the next morning, one for the church and one for the president's office. Gerald marched into the president's study with the supreme confidence of one who plays a game to win.

"Good morning, Gerald," said the president coldly.

"You're wrong, sir," said Gerald, "I'm Roger."

"Oh," smiled the president, "I beg your pardon, Roger, you look so much alike. Venistine ut me de isto fratre consultares?" Gerald turned a pale green. The game was up. The twins had overlooked one important thing. The president who had been Roger's Latin teacher, always talked Latin with him—and Gerald did not know a word of Latin. Gerald gave one wild shriek and fled from the office leaving the president weak and astounded. But that gentleman recovered his breath enough to shout out the window at Gerald:

"You rascal, you're expelled!"

But Gerald was rushing in wild haste to the church. As he plunged in, he heard the minister, in a cold and clammy voice, just uttering these words: "If any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined——"

"Hey!" shouted Gerald, dashing up the aisle, "I'm just in time." Then turning to Jeannette, "I'm expelled from school, are you going to break it off, dear?"

"Why-er-of course not!" she stammered, blushing.

"All right," said Gerald, "marry us now and then I'll explain."

Roger, leaving the ceremony, slunk out of the church and with a sigh of relief, returned to his study, where he could peacefully go on translating Latin.

MARGARET BURT, College '24.

Jan. 5, 1923.

Dear Everybody:

There are two reasons why I take my pen in hand to tell all "Hello." Reason the first? I want to! and reason the second? I could not do otherwise, my erstwhile roomie having spoken. Greetings!

Here I am almost as far from civilization as a person can get, and

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still remain within the bounds of these United States. At first I felt like some poor human cast adrift upon a desert island since all was so strange to me. Why strange? Imagine, if you can, a school where movies, dances, and such frivolty are entirely unknown, just as different from F. S. S. as it can be, in every respect. That is my environment. I lead a very sedate — pardon me! — I am supposedly sedate, but in reality I have about as much fun as I ever did, though in different ways; and in spite of all I still retain my "girlish larfter."

I could go into a lot of details about how many there are in our family, what we have for desert and who's who among the students, but I won't bother you with this. One item is worthy of note, however. In chapel the faculty sit in a row across the stage in order to give the students a chance for daily inspection, (to see whether or not we look properly dignified.) This used to be quite a trying ordeal, but I've gotten used to it and assume a serene and unruffled appearance at all times.

I have a lovely studio, and enjoy my work very much. A few of my pupils appeared in a recital just before Christmas vacation. I don't know what Miss Schuster would have thought about it, but methinks they were all "passing fair."

At Thanksgiving, I especially wanted to be at F. S. S. but I managed to survive away from you all. We had roast goose and chicken and candles and place cards and cranberry sauce. "A good time was had by all."

Let's pretend there is a movie and I'm there. No, that's too good to be true, but I would like that. I always liked the movies at F. S. S., and enjoyed playing all the old favorites between acts, "Roses of Picardy" for "Bill," "Dear Ol' Pal" for "Hopple," "At Dawning" for all sentimentally inclined people, and "Song of India" for everyone—and oh, dozens of others. New girls will think it odd for me to mention the music, but that's what links me with my Alma Mater more than anything else. Recitals, Sunday evenings nine o'clock in the "gym" and all of it! How I would love to come back!

At Junior College our most important form of entertainment is "Literary Society," which happens every Friday night. The quartette sings, someone renders a selection from Hamlet, someone plays a piano solo, and someone else reads current events or Poe's "Raven." So it goes until the program is finished, and someone moves that we adjourn. We adjourn and spend the next seven days anticipating the next Friday night. Such is our very intricate existence.

We had a party Hallowe'en and really had lots of fun and while the party was in progress someone crept discreetly away and tied the chapel piano keys. The next morning I couldn't make a sound when I attempted to play the hymns in chapel. That was the most excitement we'd had for weeks, and I didn't mind being a trifle embarrassed for such a good cause.

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Faculty meetings are very interesting. I frequently feel constrained to offer suggestions when my elders seem a little too severe with the young folks, but being a young and insignificant member of this said faculty, I keep quiet and say nothing. We decide whether or not we should write Freddie's mother about his poor work in algebra, and we talk about Alfred who doesn't seem to study as diligently as he should. So much for faculty meetings.

I received my first *Record* the other day, and immediately read it from cover to cover. I want to see the new dormitory and I'm so glad that Wednesday is still the day sacred to bacon, the Lord's Prayer, and ice cream. 'Twould grieve me sorely to have such a worthy tradition smashed, even if you did play hockey instead of captain ball on Thanksgiving.

I'm coming back some day, I hope, and if I can't do that I'll radio—and I hope you'll radiate in return. I know that sounds complicated, but Frances Shimer intelligence is above the average; so you may draw your own conclusions. I bid you a fond farewell.

Affectionately,
GENEVIEVE FREEMAN.

A Sketch

It was a wild, turbulent night. The wind groaned and moaned, and whistled and shrieked through the dead remnants of what had once been a waving forest of green, but which now lay devastated by the cruel and relentless hand of man. The clouds scudded across the sky, as if pursued by some invisible demon.

A still figure stood among the blasted ruins, the wind tearing at his garments with satanic fury. He was all alone, so slight, so thin, so utterly deserted by man and beast that he would have struck pity in almost any heart.

He tottered a moment in the wintry night and fell motionless and obscure. A last cloud scudded away and cold moonlight flooded the scene, disclosing a scarecrow lying among the dead, brown cornstalks.

EVELYN CAILLE, College '24.

My Cousin

"Oh, isn't he adorable!" I gasped when I saw my little cousin, Jack, for the first time.

He was really the sweetest little four year old I had ever seen. His sunny auburn hair hung in little curls, which just reached his shoulders. His skin was very white, and his dimpled cheeks were a delicate pink. His eyes were bright blue, and the dark lashes which shaded them gave him an appealing look. He wore a little blue Peter-Pan suit and on his chubby little "understandings" were blue socks which just matched his suit, and shiny little black slippers of which he was very proud. In his hand he carried some rather wilted dandelions, which he gave to me with a shy little smile.

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This fall I had an occasion to visit my aunt again. I arrived at about five o'clock and while I was sitting talking to her the front door suddenly opened, and Jack rushed in.

"Hello! When did you come? Say, we beat the fellows in the next block today! Gee, I'm captain of the team, and——!"

But I cannot stop to write all that he told us about the exciting game.

How changed my sweet little cousin of six years before was. He had been playing football in the muddy vacant lot next door. His once golden, but now plain yellow, hair was caked with mud. His face, what I could see of it through the mud, was a mass of freckles. He had lost two front teeth, in football or otherwise, and when he talked, his mouth had rather a vacant look. The heavy blue sweater which he wore, was torn at the elbows, and one of his trouser legs flapped about his ankle. How different were his muddy football shoes from the little black slippers he had worn the first time I saw him.

Although I gasped when I saw him I will admit I was even more proud of him than I had been six years before, for wasn't he captain of the neighborhood football squad?

FLORENCE RICE, College '24.

The New Dining Room

"We expect to be in the new dining room by Tuesday night," announced Miss Morrison in house-meeting. This announcement was followed by loud applause from the girls who have been anticipating this occasion for some time.

Tuesday came, and there was a come-early-and-avoid-the-rush scene. At first glance the room made one think of a banquet hall. Between the tables, which were arranged in rows of eight on each side, was left plenty of room so that the girls didn't collide. The first table to finish dinner was at the further end of the dining-room, and to watch the girls march out by twos was very amusing to the rest of us, though quite embarrassing for them.

It does not seem possible that one hundred and forty-five girls were in the old dining room in West Hall. We are glad that the new dining room in McKee Hall was completed this year. Everyone is certainly proud of it.

Thanksgiving News



Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day did not dawn, for rain was pouring down. However, this did not dampen the spirits of either Academy or College. By nine o'clock every girl on the hockey team was ready for the big game. Faithful and loyal were the rooters and along the side-lines were umbrellas covering up the anxious faces. It continued to pour but the game was played that ended in a victory for Academy, the score being 2-0.

Neither did the rain dampen the spirits of those who marched gayly into the dining-room that afternoon. It was dark save where friendly candles twinkled here and there on the snow table cloths.

Near the close of the dinner, chairs suddenly scraped back, and the College Sophomores were singing the first toast. Next came the Seniors, College Frosh and so on in order.

"Sh! Sh!" sounded from all over the room—intense silence—then—"Squeak, squeak,"—laughter. Nebby had spoken his piece.

When Frankie Frosh was presented to the College Frosh they swung into:

"Oh, he's ours, all ours, Frankie Frosh,
And he's nobody else's but ours, Frankie Frosh.
We worked and we toiled for three days in the fall
And now we do have him at our beck and call.
Oh, he's ours, all ours, Frankie Frosh,
And he's nobody else's but ours."

Then the Juniors began:

"We are the Juniors the class of '24
We've got the pep and we're bound to make a score.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Give us the chance and
We'll do the rest and
Fight to a peppy end
Rah! Rah! Rah!
You are the Seniors
The class of '23."

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When we get old Nebby
How happy we will be!
Now listen!
You've got the numbers
We've got the hummers,
And we've got the Junior pep.
And then came the Academy Sophs with:
Morrie, Morrie,
Sophs. sing a toast to Morrie
Excuses and "pers" and "please see mes"
Written in spite of all our pleas.
You tell us where we shouldn't go,
Things that we really ought to know.
In spite of all this
Our school days are bliss,
For, Morrie, you make them so.

The Academy Freshmen sang:

F-re-s-h-m-e-n
F-re-s-h-m-e-n
We can do most anything—
Study, play, and dance, and sing;
If you want to see a class that's gay
Blink your eyes and look our way,
F-re-s-h-m-e-n
F-re-s-h-m-e-n
Dean McKee and Morrie, too,
Faculty will see us through, zip!
F-re-s-h-m-e-n

Back to the College Sophomores and they sang:

With colors gayly streaming,
On Campus and on field,
The College Sophs. are showing
Their faith and loyalty.
So let us hail, College Sophomores,
In truth and loyalty,
We will march in our procession
When the purple and gold we see.
We will proclaim our victories
Wherever we may be.
Hats off to Sophomores, College Sophomores,
The Class of '23.

And then the Seniors sang:

Seniors, we hail you the victor,
Seniors, we're loyal to thee,
For you we carry the colors,
True to Nebby, we'll be.
Rah! Rah!

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Our colors—black and white.
For them we'll always fight,
Seniors! Seniors! Of '23!

When the echoes of the last song died away the College Sophomores called for speeches. Then the dinner was over and in the mad scramble of getting out of the dining room I lost track of Nebby for a time.

When I reached the scene of battle, the coveted mascot had safely entered Hathaway through a broken gym window. Two girls locked in deadly conflict, were grinding each other's elbows in the cinders and rolling over and over on the ground. There was a great hubbub on the steps. Girls pushed and shoved each other down, while others tried to wriggle up through the squirming mass to the door. In groups of twos and threes, some were having their own little private warfare with either mental or physical weapons and sometimes both.

The excitement lasted most of the afternoon, but somewhere in a deep, dark corner, Nebby was contentedly shining his tusks and flapping his wise old ears, because for the present he was safe!

In the evening about seven-thirty we all were invited to College Hall by the College Frosh. It was their Prom that we were invited to! The rooms were decorated with snow. Everything represented the outdoors and we could see only white in every direction. Even the windows were frosted.

The Campus Serenaders from Beloit College furnished the music for the evening. The orchestra consisted of five pieces—two saxophones, a cornet, drums, and piano.

As we marched down the stairs we came to two snow men, Alice Ernst and Grace Rogers, who passed out the snow ball programs.

The special feature of the Prom was a dance by Alice Dean and Margaret Graham. The two were dressed in white and represented skaters. Both girls danced very gracefully.

The evening was soon ended and we left, tired but happy, telling the College Frosh what a delightful Prom they had given!

Vesper Notes

November 5, Miss Schuster had charge of vespers. We sang and then listened to the Victrola. This was different from the usual vesper service and we enjoyed it very much.

Dean McKee had vespers November 13. As usual his talk was very interesting and helpful to us.

Miss Altman led vespers November 20. We sang several hymns but before we sang them Miss Altman would tell us about the life of the composer.

December 4 Miss Jacobson led vespers. She read "The Other Wise Man." Everyone likes this selection and then to have Miss Jacobson read it, was a treat indeed.

Our first Sunday back Dean McKee had vespers. His talk was one-

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that was of special worth to every Frances Shimer girl. He told us that great things did not come to people that just sat around and waited for them. Usually the person that has the most trouble is the one that gets the most out of life and does the worthy things.

Movies

Our first Saturday after Christmas vacation we had a movie at Metcalf. It was Thomas Meighan in "A Bachelor Daddy." Everyone liked it and we were laughing most of the time at the queer and clever tricks performed by the children on the screen.

Literary Club

A new club has been added to the varied and worth-while organizations of the School. This group is called The Literary Club.

As a result of the first meeting the following officers were elected:

Theodora Mitchell—President.

Reva Wagon—Vice President.

Elaine Fisher—Secretary.

Judith Aaron—Treasurer.

At the next meeting it was decided that the club should meet for an hour every Sunday afternoon to read and discuss the newest and best books. A committee on books and one on programs were announced.

Among the books which are to be read are: "Rough Hewn," by Dorothy Canfield; "Indelible," by Elliot H. Paul, and "Land's Ends," by Wilbur D. Steele.

There is a great need for a good literary club in Frances Shimer School, and it is hoped that this new organization will be successful in filling this need. Here's to the health of the Literary Club.

MacDowell Club

The MacDowell Club has arranged to have its meetings every Sunday evening after supper in Miss Schuster's studio. All the meetings have been very interesting and we hope to make those of the future even more valuable. We are studying operas and composers this year and as we study the various operas, we play the records, in order to become more familiar with the music. Because this study is very helpful we fully intend to make the Mac Dowell Club one of the most successful clubs at F. S. S.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has held its weekly devotional meetings on Thursday evening, as usual. Once a month it has held community sings. Beside these gatherings the Christmas party was given under the auspices of the Social committee.

The Social Service committee has been really active. It has made up boxes to send across the ocean to the needy children.

The Membership and Financial committees have had their drives. As a result, eight hundred and fifty dollars has been pledged, one hun-

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dred dollars over the budget. The entire membership of the Y. W. C. A. is one hundred twenty-five out of the possible one hundred forty girls enrolled at F. S. S.

Christmas Recital

The Christmas Recital given by the music students December 9 was thoroughly enjoyable. At a quarter of eight when this recital began the chapel was filled not only with F. S. students but also with many outsiders. The program was:

A Question	Grace Rogers	Coerne
The Rose in the Garden	Edith May Whitfield	Neidlinger
On the Green	Ida Nicholson	Torjussen
Impromptu Op. 142	Janet Miller	Schubert
Tarantella	Genevieve Pflieger	Mac Dowell
In Autumn	Vera May Pooley	Curran
Anitra's Dance from Peer Gynt Suite	Helen Telfer	Grieg
In the Hall of the Mountain King from Peer Gynt Suite	Florence Sugden	Grieg
Rigaudon	Adeline Taylor	Hopekirk
Air Varié	Beth Hower	Dancla
Impromptu Op. 90	Grace Roe	Schubert
Wedding Day at Troidhausen	Elizabeth Wiswell	Grieg
(a) Slumber Song		Gretchaninow
(b) Over the Steppe	Grace Coleman	
Valse from Suite for two pianos	Alice Winston	Arensky
	Second Piano—Elizabeth Schuster	

College Sophomore Play

The College Sophomore class was the first to give its play this year, this date being November 4. The entire school waited with anxiety to hear what the play might be, and at last the day came when we were enlightened. It happened not to be one play, but two one-act plays, "The Florist Shop" and "Suppressed Desires."

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The first play opened with Betty Shattock as Maud, a clerk in a small florist shop. As her assistant we find Henry, an errand boy. This part was very skillfully taken by Miss Jacobson, the director, instead of Marjory Thompson who was to have acted had she not been suddenly called home.

Maud, as we soon learned had been directed by her proprietor, Sloosky, played by Ruth Kingery, to send flowers to all the best customers. Being a very kind hearted and sympathetic person she finds this a very opportune occasion to bring about an understanding between Miss Wells, a romantic spinster, and Mr. Jackson, who have been engaged for the past fifteen years. These sedate old lovers were very well characterized by Mabel Morris and Shirley Deen.

Maud's plan proved a good one. It was not only successful but also brought the characters into very embarrassing and stirring situations which the cast dramatized with incomparable cleverness.

The second play, "Suppressed Desires," like the first, was well given by equally clever players and lacked nothing in humor and wit.

Helen Hardy as Henrietta, made a typical young bride whose only fault was her intense interest in psycho analysis and its interpretations as given by the great Dr. Russell. Had she kept her interests to herself, perhaps little difference would have been made. But she did not. On the other hand she was continually driving the household mad by interpreting all their actions and dreams, and by trying to impress upon their minds that they had suppressed desires. Among these people she included very persistently Stephen, Avis Carroll, who proved a very charming and ideal young husband, and also Mabel, her younger sister, who before her visit to the Brewster household, had been very happy and contented.

Finally both Stephen and Mabel, entirely out of patience with Henrietta and her Suppressed Desires condescended to visit the great Dr. Russell. Each indeed was told his suppressed desire, Stephen's being divorce and Mabel's—Stephen!

This naturally could not but shock poor Henrietta and she in despair gave up everything that in any way pertained to psychoanalysis. Then peace and happiness at last were restored in the household.

The Senior Play

At last the Senior play "The Charm School" reached town and proved to be very successful. It was brim full of humor, romance, sense, and nonsense. The cast of characters which we all thought was well chosen, did exceptionally well.

The play opens upon the domestic and financial distress of four would-be-prominent young men who are disgusted and discouraged with life because they have been abruptly cut off from all means of support. At this critical moment a letter arrives containing the will of the aunt of Austin Bevans, Laura Barrett, a cultured business man with ultra modern ideas, leaving him in charge of a girls' seminary. The head of a

girls' school seemed rather an unheard position for an inexperienced man to assume but in no wise daunted Bevans undertook the job. His comrades three of whom I want you to meet are: David McKenzie, Judith Aaron, an ambitious law student who thinks this a very impractical escapade to say the least; George Boyde, Elizabeth Crowell, an accountant, with a winning way, who thinks the plan worth trying out, and last but not least Jim Simpkins, Dorothea Van Oven, an indulged son of the idle rich who afforded much of the before-mentioned nonsense which created much hilarity—this side of the foot lights. Not having much choice, they dubiously, yet gracefully, accepted positions as teachers of history, accounting, and dancing. About this time Mr. John, Dorothy Duncan, guardian of the president of the Senior class, and administrator of Bevan's aunt's estate, appears on the scene and consents to finance the proposition providing that Bevans does not fall in love with any of his students, and allows Miss Hays, Reva Wagor, to remain as head. This arrangement having been agreed to, Bevans' next move is a visit to the school, accompanied by Mr. Johns, and there he encounters his future secretary, Miss Curtis, Gail Hubbell, one grand scream, who tries to think well of the Seniors, and learns to think very highly of Mr. Bevans. In the absence of Miss Hays he calls a meeting of the Seniors, whom we know as Dorothy Burke, Olga Ohlrich, Florence Engles, Pauline Thompson, and Alice Winston as Elsie Benedotti. Expecting to be governed by a gruff and formidable old gent, they have decided to revolt, but on seeing a handsome young Apollo, they are very much impressed and recant. Now the fun begins.

Classes open and everything progresses beautifully until Elsie, with whom Boyd is in love, falls deeply in love with Bevans. He persistently avoids all her advances and dutifully admonishes Simpkins who is showing signs of an attack of puppy love. The authorities are greatly disturbed at this state of affairs and Elsie after many days of torture and agony runs away. The boys start out in search and after an anxious night during which a reconciliation is effected between Mr. Johns and Miss Hays, Bevans returns with Elsie captive. Finally Bevans realizes that he is deeply in love with the little girl with "curley" eyes because she has charm and—well you know the rest it ended with "Everybody Happy."

The play was a success from beginning to end. Let's give three Rahs for the Seniors and Miss Jacobson.

The Christmas Party

The Christmas Party of '22 was held in the recreation room in West Hall, Monday, December 11. At three o'clock we descended noisily to the realms where old Santa Claus reigns supreme, and on entering were greeted by the cheerful smile of Mrs. McKee.

The fire in the grate burned merrily, as the guests assembled. When we were comfortably seated on the cushions, the program opened with a

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few welcoming words from Della Hinshaw, supervisor of the Christmas party.

The spirit of Christmas was then interpreted by a page. This was followed by an old Bellman crying the news of the birth of the Christ Child. Far away in the distance the Cavaliers heard the Mimmers singing Christmas songs and rushed to make them welcome. Marjorie Thompson and Anne Teverbaugh as King and Queen of the Christmas Spirits, sat on their throne with their court surrounding them. The Mimmers made their appearance singing Christmas songs, with Betty Shattuck as the jester.

The King called for a dance of the fire, which was interpreted by Carolyn Fosdick. Anita Nicholson hung the wreath with the lighted candle in the window to let the Christ Child know that He is welcome. Edith May Whitfield lighted the candles of health, wealth, peace, and wishes unknown. Helen Hardy burned the Christmas Fagots. Then came a solo, by Mabelle Mest, of Christmas Cheer. The Mimmers again sang a Merry Christmas song. Eleanor Seagren played a musical interlude, on the violin, consisting of Christmas hymns. The shoe dancers gave a very clever original dance. The Mimmers again sang.

Refreshments consisting of punch and drop cakes were then served to the guests. Santa made his appearance giving out red and green stockings containing candy, nuts and pop corn, in his usual jolly way. He then amused the guests by having his three large candy sticks dance. The French doll, Harriet Deutsche, gave a toe dance which was very graceful. Mrs. Santa Claus taught Punch and Judy to dance; so they gave their dance.

The tableau was very well given. The shepherds were watching their flocks on the hillside, when the angel, Martha Barnhart, came and told them to come worship the Christ Child, just then born. Leaving their flocks and following the star of the East they arrived and knelt at the manger.

To Mrs. McKee, Della Hinshaw, Helen Hardy, Dorothy Duncan, and Gail Hubbell because of their hard work and artistic ingenuity, much credit belong for such a successful Christmas party.

Harmon Over

After two weeks of vacation, back we came to Frances Shimer. All of us were full of stories of the good times we had had during Christmas. Many were the surprises for us, however, when we arrived back at school.

Helen Dearborn, Helen Hathaway Ramsey, Dorothy Parmley, Frances Berns, Gema Le Grand, Juanita Brooks and Frances Underwood are not back for the second semester.

Of course not everyone was back at first but gradually all are appearing. Judith Aaron will not be with us for about a month on account of an operation.

Sophomore Class Notes

The first of November was a happy time for us Sophomores when we were told that all the privileges we asked for were granted. How good it seems to be such a privileged girl as a College Sophomore!

Eleven of the Sophomores with our Counselor, Miss Fairchild, and Miss Morrison enjoyed a "Katy Party" November 11. Katy prepared a dinner in her usual good way and we certainly did justice to it.

After House Meeting on November 20 the Sophomores with Miss Fairchild, walked out to Point Rock Park. We were bent on the secret mission of practicing Thanksgiving toasts which we accomplished successfully. Before practicing toasts we enjoyed eating roasted wieners and all that goes with them to make up a fine picnic lunch.

Another afternoon near Thanksgiving time, the class went in groups to the home of one of our town members, Gertrude Moore. Here we practiced our toasts without a fear of being overheard. Towards the end of our stay Gertrude pleasantly surprised us by serving huge pieces of delicious pumpkin pie. Oh! It tasted so good, Gertrude, and we surely appreciated your hospitality.

At the Thanksgiving dinner we Sophomores felt so proud to be seated together with our counselor. We all thought of the time coming in the future when for six weeks we will be together again.

On the night of December 2 the class made use of one of their privileges and went down town to witness the exciting basket ball game. Only a few girls with Miss Fairchild attended the game, but they enjoyed themselves very much.

After Vespers on January 7 the Sophomores went over to the dining room of College Hall where Miss Fairchild entertained us. The room was cozy and home-like with a fire in the hearth, lighted candles placed here and there, and a beautiful bouquet of roses on the table. Everyone enjoyed the dainty lunch prepared for us by our kind hostess and we were loth to say good-bye when the time for departure drew near.

Have you noticed the good looking pin each Sophomore wears? We think they are just fine and we feel proud to be able to wear them. They stand for so much in our lives.

Freshmen Notes

The "great moment" in all class affairs was reached on Thanksgiving day, and after several nerve racking weeks of prom preparation, we as Freshmen, duly reached ours. We got an early start that day, in the cold gray light of dawn, by yelling our lungs out as soon as the six-thirty bell rang. It wasn't our fault College didn't win the hockey game, we swatted and swung at everything that came near us. In the dining-room we had such a long imposing table, that the Seniors were almost afraid to walk out past us. We duly sang our toasts and were presented by the Sophomores with our mascot, Frankie Frosh, for whom we worked and we toiled for three long days in the fall. Our day ended with the

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prum in the evening. It nearly ended before, but not quite. Things have been pretty quiet since then, with the exception of the installing of a large per cent of the Freshmen in McKee hall. No hall would be quite complete without its Freshmen. McKee Hall is now complete. The reason for this period of calmness is because everyone is behaving so nicely—yes, that's why.

Senior Notes

The Thanksgiving episode proved that no better keepers of Nebby have existed, say we, as we pat ourselves on the back. We really were very generous in letting the dining-room hear his decidedly Patriotic voice and perhaps can be forgiven for chorusing with glee at the Juniors tortured by envy and longing love of the wish to possess our Nebby.

Our play "The Charm School" went off without a break due to the fact that Miss Jacobson unfalteringly persevered in coaching us—we owe any success that might be ours to her. The cast was very delightfully entertained after the event by our counselor, Miss Pierson.

Two things worth mentioning have made their way into our lives here at Shimer—pins and privileges. We received the first and acquired the last and we are now doing all in our power to retain both. Think we'll succeed? Well, rather—yes!

Academy Sophomore Class Notes

One evening early in November immediately after dinner a good many girls began to disappear from various groups, in the gym and different halls. Presently one of the ever-watchful Juniors discovered that there wasn't a Sophomore to be found any place. The news was spread and the Juniors in a body started the search for the Sophs. who had so cleverly escaped them. When the Juniors started hunting for us, everyone knew that the Sophs had started to practice toasts. After many attempts the Juniors succeeded in entering Science Hall but—the Sophomores were waiting. This was the first and also the last raid made, though we may be younger than those Juniors we let them know that they couldn't stop our practice by a "song fight." We feel pretty sure that there aren't many Juniors ready to raid a Sophomore meeting very soon.

The Sophomores have an honorary member of their class, "Jumbo." He was admitted as a member one Sunday night in November when the class held a spread in honor of him. He is a very tiny, black ebony elephant, proudly wearing the green ribbons to show his loyalty to the "green and black" of the Sophomores. A mascot? Oh, no! Just our fellow-classmate. The spread was held in one of the rooms, and was an informal affair, to discuss the activities of Thanksgiving day.

The last two or three days before Thanksgiving the Sophomores, found it very enjoyable to wander away off campus, with our dear Miss Jacobson as chaperon. One afternoon we took a long hike and really

accomplished a great deal of work. Another afternoon we all went to the "Piggery." The piano there was the aim of our class and here we had our final practice and all left feeling very assured.

Of course there were many, many other little, Sophomore-Junior skirmishes on campus and in the halls but they weren't of much importance, because the Sophomores usually!!! Well we like the Juniors anyway.

Since Christmas vacation the Sophomores have two new members and we want to welcome them to our class and hope they will love our Sophomore class and old F. S. S. as much as we all do.

Academy Freshmen

The second Record report finds us minus one girl in our class, but we hope that the new semester brings new members. Our loss was Grace Thompson. She was not only a sweet girl but our secretary and treasurer. An election for a new treasurer shall be held soon.

Spreads and meetings have taken place since the last Record was published. We all feel quite at home now that we've been here for more than four months.

Our great fear was for our songs for Thanksgiving day, because we really had no idea what they were to be about. After much help from Miss Kesson and our class we got them to a point where perfection seemed very near. We were told later that they were very good. This was said either for politeness' or sincerity's sake; everyone hopes it was the latter.

There is not a member of the Frances Shimer School who has not been a Freshman at some time or other, and probably can give us a little sympathy toward the way people look down upon the "little Freshies." The "Sophs," no doubt, didn't think the Freshmen so "little" in the Nebby fight. We did our very best, and we always shall fight for our sister class whom we all love.

ATHLETICS

Academy Hockey Team Beats College

The first official Hockey game of F. S. S. was played off Thanksgiving morning. The hockey game is to become an annual event. Rain and sleet handicapped the opposing teams, but the players slid through the mud like martyrs.

Academy scored in the second quarter and again in the third. College proved too weak in its final drive to shove the ball home for a goal. Burke, of the Academy, proved a very capable goal keeper and Burt made agile strokes at the ball, sending it well on the way to goals for College. Eastabrooks, as College goal keeper, made noble efforts to hold down the opponents' score. The final blow for College was a 2-0 score in favor of Academy.

E. M. Whitfield was a faithful Captain for the College players, and Captain F. Underwood of Academy is to be commended for her good work. The lineup was as follows:

Hubbell	Center Forward	Whitfield
Ohlrich	R. Inside	Shattuck
Underwood	L. "	Caille
Black	R. Wing	Graham
Harrington	L. "	Mitchell
Winston	R. Half	Heller
O. Smith	C. "	A. Dean
M. Hinshaw	L. "	M. Burt
Reed	R. Full	Moat
Zick	L. "	Balletadt
D. Burke	Goal	Eastabrooks

News of Winter Sports

Sliding, skiing and bobbing have held the prominent position in athletics since the Holidays. The hills on the golf course have been the popular places to meet with sleds, skis and toboggans. Several bobbing parties have taken to the country roads and covered some miles in gay hilarity.

Skating enthusiasts, don't you think it would be quite a thing if a skating pond could be worked out? The tennis courts afford the ideal

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place to be flooded, but there is some difficulty about getting the water up here. Why not everybody grab a pail and help pour? We could then claim that everybody had had a hand in it. And it would be worth the exertion.

Why not a winter carnival? If the snow and cold weather would hang around long enough, it would be the height of jolly good fun to stage such an event. All nature is with us; numerous and willing "carnival-queens," rolling hills parted by wee picturesque valleys, and a sled or two, are ready to join in such an attempt—but one just can't trust this Mount Carroll climate.





FOOLISH OCCUPATIONS—

Going to the livery stable to see how many wheels there are on a football coach.

Leading the cheers at a game between two deaf and dumb institutes.

Hunting lions with a fly swatter.

Standing on the corner waiting for a street car in Mount Carroll.

Trying to manufacture food out of nothing.

SPEAKING OF AUTHORS—

Eleanor—"Do you like O. Henry?"

Edith Mae—"Yes. I had one last night."

Before class begins. Teacher—"Do you see anyone who is not here?"

POPULAR BELIEFS—

All stairs creak.

Seniors (and Seniors only) have outside help.

The library is a place to carry on a conversation.

Nebby is locked up in a trunk.

Dearborn conservatory makes a good observatory.

Mary had a little lamb,

Born one hundred years ago—

The chops we had for dinner tonight

Are from this lamb, I know.

Gail Hubbell (studying botany)—"This rice was so shocked, it just lay down in bunches!"

Marg (when the 9:15 bell rings)—"Oh! My teeth—my teeth!"

Beenie—"I haven't seen them. Where did you leave them?"

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A VOICE FROM FACULTY

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
at her here,
But the curled bobbed tresses
And the new long dresses
are so queer.

She had a complexion brown as coffee, and she fixed it up with cream.

She (home from F. S.)—"Do you think this is a nice way to dance?"

He—"Well, if you'd rather, we'll dance opposite directions."

"O dear me," said the angleworm, "I'm so stuck on that fish hook I can hardly wiggle."

First Convict—"When I get out of this pen I'm going to have a hot time, ain't you?"

Second Convict—"Don't know—I'm in for life."

Oscar—"There goes a guy that's making a lot of money rattling the bones."

Oswald—"Oh—a gambler?"

Oscar—"No, an osteopath."

Helen—"Did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?"

Alice—"No, but I've seen the cats kill mice."

"Has anyone seen Pete?"

"Pete who?"

"Petroleum."

"Kerosene him yesterday, and he hasn't benzine since."

"Why didn't they play poker on the ark?"

"Because Noah sat on the deck."

"Why does the earth move?"

"Because it's cheaper than paying rent."

YOU MAY BE NEXT

Here lies a poor girl who was always busy;
She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy.
She belonged to the clubs here;
She read French at sight;

She frequented spreads, and sat up every night.
 She served on committees; she went in a rush,
 She golfed, and she kodaked; she wrote a "crush,"
 She liked thrills and heart throbs;
 She dated each dame.
 She studied Macbeth and thought Hamlet insane.
 Her room-mate she saw only once in a while,
 She tried hard to keep herself up with the style.
 One day on her schedule she found a time free—
 The shock was too great—she died instantlie!

The Scattered Family

Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer '71 of Lincoln, Nebraska, writes of the receipt of the "class letter" which still goes its rounds, and of the plan of "the girls of the class" for another reunion in '26. Friends who enjoyed the fortieth and fiftieth homecoming of the class of '71 will look forward to the fifty-fifth anniversary gathering.

Blanche Fuller '21 spent the summer in California.

Josephine Bruno '20-'21, ward of Governor and S. R. McKelvie of Lincoln, Neb., was married on September 1, to Mr. Donald Ballew of Rapid City, S. D. They will make their home on a ranch of Mr. Ballew's uncle in Wyoming.

Margaret Du Bois '21 is attending National Park Seminary in Washington, D. C.

Florence Harper, College '21 spent the summer traveling in Europe.

Miss Eleanor Brown, formerly of the English Department at Frances Shimer, is now head of the Department of English at Northrup Collegiate School in Minneapolis.

Mary E. Mathews-Burnap '64, died at the home of her daughter in Chicago on October 20, 1922.

Miss Hobson, formerly Lady Principal at Frances Shimer, writes that she has resigned from her work at Bryn Mawr College for a delightful and more lucrative position in Concord Academy, Concord, Mass.

Miss Willis, Faculty '20-'22, did substitute work in the Department of History in the Evanston High School during the fall term.

The Record extends sympathy to Katherine Morrasy Sill '15 who sends word of the sudden death of her mother on December 22, while she was busy with preparations for the family homecoming at Christmas time.

Adelle Randall Lawton '94 is spending the year in Europe. She wrote as follows from Lake Geneva, in view of Chillon: "I am here in my mother's country whither I came on Sept. 1, for a month of rest before returning to Paris to work at the Sorbonne where I plan to take the examinations next March. My ten-year-old daughter who is with me is working hard at her piano."

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Vivian Virgin '17 is living in Portland, Oregon, where she is a stenographer in the offices of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Helen Arnot '17 is teaching in Wyandotte, Michigan.

Helen Dearborn '21-'22 withdrew from Frances Shimer after the Christmas holidays to spend the winter in California where she has entered school in Los Angeles.

For three and one half years Libbie George '05 has been Director of the Office of Summer Session—a busy administrative office of Columbia University, New York City.

Eleanor Currie '18 has a position with the Northern National Bank of Duluth, in the Bond Department.

Genevieve Hoffman '20 writes of visits from Elise Bell and Alice Glover '21 and of meeting Margaret Sayres '21 and Martha and Mildred Walker '21 in Iowa City.

Frances Sutter Crawford '18 is living in Milwaukee where her husband teaches in the Bay View High School.

Dorothy Horning Baitzell, Faculty '13-'14 writes — "Mr. Baitzell and I enjoy New Haven and Yale increasingly. We had many good visits with Zalia Jencks Gayley, Faculty '13-'14, while she was taking her Ph. D. degree here at Yale."

An officer of Maryville College, where Alice McAnulty, College '19-'20 is a student writes that she is a "member of the graduating class, Vice President of the Y. W. C. A. and a popular and efficient leader in student activities."

Edna Gillegly '18 is a senior at the University of Illinois in the course in Library Science.

Julia Cargill Stone '16 writes that she has two small daughters, Shirley Louise and Mary Jane, who will some day attend their mother's Alma Mater.

Roxanne Langellier Judson, Faculty '02-'03 is now instructor in French at the Girl's High School, Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frances Roberts '11, who completed her course in the Pasadena Training School for Nurses, writes of her interest in her new work. During the summer she took a trip to Alaska, and had the pleasure of meeting Dana Willcox Hazzen '10 and Delma Bailey '89 in Portland, Oregon.

Julia Jennison, daughter of Alice Sheldon Jennison '98, Twin Falls, Idaho, is a member of the Academy Senior class in Frances Shimer. Edna Eastabrooks, sister of Margaret Eastabrooks '22, is also enrolled in the Junior College.

Maxine McMahon '21 is carrying a heavy course at Drake University in order to graduate this year in Piano and Education.

Katherine Berkstresser, College '15-'16, is head of the Department of Oral English in the East Texas State Normal College at Commerce.

Anna Morgan Thornton '07 writes: "I note with much satisfaction

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the addition of a new building from time to time, at least four since 1907. I now have a double interest in the school, first, because it is my Alma Mater, and also because I have a young daughter whom I plan some day to send to Frances Shimer."

Blanche Strong '76 is teaching piano in the Glen Dillard Gunn School of Music in Chicago. Miss Strong recently gave a recital at the Lake Shore Drive Recital Hall assisted by Clementine Muller, soprano.

Myrtle Stevens Bennett '80 is associated with her two sons in business for the manufacture of steel containers for paint and oil. Mrs. Bennett is president of the company.

Della Angle Woodworth '80 has moved from her home in the far West to Chicago where a son and daughter reside. The former is an instructor in the University of Chicago, and the latter is private secretary to an official of Marshall Field & Co.

The following returned to School for the week-end following Thanksgiving: Ruth Chrissinger '22, Ruth Cornelius '22, Carolyn Johnson, '21-'22, Mabelle Cubbon, College '22, Hazel Downing, College '22, Edith Juster, '21-'22, Florence Francke, College '22.

Ruth Chrissinger '22 has a clerical position in the offices of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad in Chicago.

Hazel Cooper Lynch '09 writes: "As Frances trots off to school each day, it makes me realize that it will not be many years before she will be off for Frances Shimer."

Jeanne Boyd '11 in November presented a group of her pupils in recital at Lyceum Arts Conservatory, Chicago.

Marion Le Bron, College '18-'19, sends a subscription to the *Record* with the request that the addresser be vamped into sending her copy to her home from now henceforth and forever more instead of to her dormitory address at the University of Minnesota, where she will soon be a forgotten atom. At present Miss Le Bron is instructor in English in the High School at Galena and incidentally is starting a school paper and watching it grow.

Since the last issue of the *Record* the following have renewed their subscription and membership in the Alumnae Association: Beatrice Brown Black, Evelyn Swanson, Bernice Rayburn, Virginia Doschadlis, Isabel Valentins, Genevieve Freeman, Mary Blanchard, Ruth Chiverton, Margaret McKee, Navah Welch, Mrs. Myrtle Stevens Bennett, Myrtle Wheelock, Wanda Evans, Floise Jeffrey, Elizabeth Whipple McTaggart, Jane Miles Huckins, Hazel Downing, Ruth Cornelius, Minerva Patton, Florence Ream, Florence Francke, Ruth Birdsall, Mabelle Cubbon, Elizabeth Jackson.

The following Frances Shimer graduates are teaching: Pearl Kulp, College '22, Reading and Drawing, Junior High School, Muscatine, Iowa; Laurel Gillogly '12, Latin, High School, Madison, Wisconsin; Ruth Foster '15, English, Savanna Township High School; Lulu Arnold '15,

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Latin, Fulton Township High School; Zella Corbett, '08, Mathematics, and Bertha Corbett '08, Domestic Science, Mt. Carroll Township High School; Jeannette Patterson '18, Latin and French, High School, Warren, Ill.; Geneva Van Avery '20, English and Physical Training, High School, Alden, Iowa; Blanche Fuller '20, Fourth Grade, Toulon, Ill.; Pauline Luckey '20, Public School, Pontiac, Ill.; Mary Fishburn '19, Head of the Department of Piano, State Normal School, Gunnison, Colo.; Esther Clark '15, Junior High School, Rockford, Ill.; Veta Thorpe Nebel '14, English, State Normal, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.; Helen Miles Strickler '10, English High School, Waynesboro, Pa.; Laura Vivian Eaton '11, Alleman, Iowa; Ertel Garnet Shatwell '11, High School, Blue Springs, Nebraska; Jeanne Boyd '11, Piano, Lyceum Arts Conservatory, Chica; Gertrude Board '07, English, William Penn Girls High School, Philadelphia; Beth Hostetter '02, Latin, Frances Shimer School; Nellie Foster '97, State School, Lancaster, Mass.; Edna Smith '98 Piano, Conservatory of Music, Peoria; Rosabel Glass '99, History, Franklin High School, Seattle, Wash.; Texa Jordan, '99, Supervisor of Drawing, Public Schools of Wheeling, W. Va.; Mary Nourse '99, Zakkow, Hangchow, China; Mary Payne '05, Mathematics, High School, Oak Park, Ill.; Wilma Prange '16, Assistant Director of Kindergarten, Public Schools, Sheboygan, Wis.; Elda Platt '14, Physical Director, State Teachers College, St. Cloud, Minn.; Helen Kingery '15, Grade School, Cicero, Ill.; Dorothy Fargo '14, Music, Public Schools, Aurora, Ill.; Charlotte Rice '14, Commercial Department, High School, Litchfield, Minn.; Ruth Chiverton '18, Public School, Dixon, Ill.; Ruth Stellhorn '19, Domestic Science, Junior High, Saginaw, Mich.; Florence Moore, Public School, 6th grade, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Nevah Welch, Col. '22, Rural School, Mt. Carroll; Hazel Downing '22, Seventh grade, Sandwich, Ill.; Florence Ream '22, Consolidated Rural School, Gilberts, Ill.; Helen Patton '22, Rural School, Mt. Carroll; Lucille Whitman, Public Schools, La Jara, Colo.; Frances Zangle, High School, South West City, Mo.; Melissa Kingsley, Horace Mann School, Rock Island, Ill.; Ruth Birdsall '22, Rural School, Sterling, Ill.; Blanche Strong '76, Piano, Glenn Dillard Gunn School of Music, Chicago; Margaret Powell '87, Public Schools, Chicago; Grace Bawden '94, Art, Frances Shimer School; Earl Smith, Piano, '01, Head of the Piano Department, Atlanta Conservatory, Atlanta, Ga.; Alice Keighan '21, Grade School, Kempton, Ill.; Florence Francke '22, Rural School, Hanover, Ill.; Mabelle Cubbon '22, Rural School, Elizabeth, Ill.

The friends of Miss Bragg, instructor in Piano 1912-'20, will sympathize with her in the loss of her mother. Mrs. Bragg was burned while tending a bonfire in the yard, but lingered for six weeks, passing away the middle of December.

The Chicago Association of Frances Shimer Students will hold a luncheon in the tea rooms of Marshall Field on January 27, at one o'clock. All Frances Shimer students living in Chicago and vicinity and

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urged to attend these gatherings.

Geraldine Hegert '19 has a secretarial position in the Petroleum Appliances Company of Chicago.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Forsyth Crawford (Frances Sutter '18) a son, Rowan Francis, on September 20, in Chicago.

To Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Yount (Helen Ziek '21) a son, Philip Arthur, December 22, 1922, West Milton, Ohio.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harper McKee (Mabel Hughes '14) a daughter, Martha Hughes, Jan. 7, 1923, Forest Hills, Long Island, N. Y.

Married

Florence Isabel Schlieker '18 to Mr. Gilbert George Grieve, November 30, 1922, at Anaconda, Montana. At Home 811 West Third St., Anaconda.

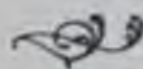
Grace Richter, College '20-'21, to Mr. David Roskind, December 23, 1922, at Saint Louis.

Evelyn Hegert, College '20-'21, to Elmer E. Magee, July 3, 1922, at Le Mars, Iowa. At Home 1327 H. Street, Lincoln, Nebr.

Maurine Hoffman '20 to Mr. M. D. La Batt, on September 7, at Clinton, Iowa.

Clare Seybold '16 to Mr. Ernest Hazelwood Wallace, on December 12, 1922, at Linden, Indiana. At Home Davenport, Iowa.

Margaret Elizabeth McKee, '19, to Stuart Bodge Damon, Amherst '22, January 3, 1923, at West Roxbury, Mass. At Home Springfield, Mass.



Frances Shimer Students at Institutions of Higher Learning.

November, 1922. (Academic Graduates or College girls with advanced standing, or with one year here immediately preceding entrance to college. Those with advanced standing are marked *)

BELOIT COLLEGE

Elizabeth Foster
Elizabeth Sayles
Willa von Oven

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Hila Jalbert
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